

RAVVERS

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Issue 4

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SPOT THE BOT!

FUN WITH BUMS!



Maria & Alexia Get Messy!
Page 46

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Issue 4

RAVERS

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Rave On!

DEAR RAVERS

HERE'S SOMETHING THAT HAPPENED TO ME RECENTLY

MARY LIKES.
THE COCK INN.
TILLET.
HERT...

I AND I LOVE GETTING TANNED IN THE SUMMER. WHILE I WAS LYING IN THE GARDEN I RECENTLY SHAVED MY FACE. THE SUN WAS SUDDENLY AWARE THAT I WAS NOT ALONE IN THE GARDEN.

You did what? With how many people? Well don't just tell us about it, share it with the rest of our readers! Send us your naughtiest tales and we'll print them. What's more, if you send in rude pictures to go with them, then we'll pay you 25 quid for every one we use, so get scribbling and snapping, and send your results to: Rave On!, Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

Barefoot Babes

I bought the first issue of Ravers and thought it was fantastic. I have a fetish for women's feet, especially the soles. On the inside of the front cover, there's a circular photo showing a beautiful



brunette with her lovely feet in the air ready to be licked by the two girls holding her ankles. Above the subscription form it



says, "From feet to fan-fannies..." So hopefully the new Ravers magazine will cater for people with a fetish for feet (men and women). Before I decide if I will subscribe to Ravers, it would be appreciated if you could send me some sample colour photos of women posing barefoot and doing naughty things with their feet, as this will help me make up my mind on the quality of

the material on offer. Also, if it is possible, it would be great if you could send any photos of women posing barefoot, as in the

'Welcome to the Jungle' photo shoot in Issue 1.

A. C., London.

Word From The Ed: Now come one, A.C., you don't really expect us to send you wads of free filth, do you? Still, it was a nice try, mate. In the meantime, why don't you just buy a few issues to work out whether you'd like to see more? And if you have any comments, we'd be delighted to hear them.

Good Nudes

This is just a quick line to welcome you to the top shelves! Please, in your future issues, could you include pictures of completely nude ladies with good,

athletic physiques. To me, all the best ones seem to be partially clothed, as depicted in most magazines. Let them appear without high-heeled shoes, long nails and excessive make-up. They only detract from the beauty of the ladies concerned.

Please show real athletes, not ordinary models posed in the gym, pretending to lift weights etc. I like to imagine myself romping and wrestling in the nude, with strong, athletic girls, and feeling their lithe, firm bodies against mine.

They would, I am sure, be a popular feature in your magazine.

B. H., Manchester.

Word From The Ed: Athletic-looking girls, eh? We'll try, but I can't promise you



anything. Just consider yourselves lucky that I'm not printing shots of the raffish-looking old lady who lives round the corner from me! Christ, she can set concrete at 40 yards!

Got No Sole

I'm just writing to say how much I enjoy your new magazine and in particular 'The Toe Job'. My two great loves in life are feet and fishing. As a child in Cumbria I watched girls catch flounders by treading on them with their bare feet, and would love to see some close-up photos of female bare feet treading on flatfish. At a girl's feet is definitely the place to be! I could flounder under their soles all day! I hope you can oblige. Include some fishing gear as well if you like, and fishnet stockings - I could get caught in those any day!

Geoff, Dorset.

Word From The Ed: Honestly, we didn't make

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Kimberley

Join us as we head over the top of Hadrian's Wall to visit another Scottish lass that I never got to bonk when I lived there. Not that I'm bitter, of course. The fact that all the girls I knew when I lived in Scotland were plug-ugly is neither here nor there. In fact, I think it's hilarious that as soon as I moved South, the fanny came crawling out of the woodwork and all my mates were drenched in it. Oh, ha fucking ha. What a bunch of buggers; they must have been standing on Waverley station platform pissing themselves as I caught the train to London, their pockets bulging with condoms. And here I am publishing photos of said totty and still not getting a chance to bonk them. Bunch of arse!





RAWVERS Kimberley



this up! This letter caught us all off guard one Monday morning; there you are, just sipping your first coffee of the day and wham! There's a fish/feet letter with your name written on it. And I know that no-one out there is going to believe it! I'm sorry, Geoff, but the odds of us finding a girl who wants to pose treading on fish is slim!

Horny Herbert

My divine mistress, Sherry (our Up The Workers lass from issue one - Ed) has just sent me a copy of Ravers Volume 1 Issue 1 (I don't believe that she sent it, mate, so don't tell fibs - Ed), and I'm so thrilled with it that the first opportunity I had to pause from wanking over it, I had to write and congratulate you for publishing such a grand and gorgeous aphrodisiac. Most of the best in men's magazines crosses my desk (I thought I was the one with the desk covered in filth, what do you do for a living?! - Ed), but Ravers excites me as the best voyeurs' publication yet produced. With over 140 entrancing pussies to salute, it is the first incentive I've had in years to greatly increase my masturbation.

I am especially pleased that you chose the divine Sherry as the first model to introduce your Up the Workers feature, which



"Sorry Geoff- No fishy feet this month so here's a bird with strawberry syrup on her feet instead!"

takes the art of voyeurism out of the studio to the legitimate theatre of life. That is the most outstanding extension of the performing art that I've yet seen. It is obvious from her voluptuous smile that she enjoyed every minute of mesmerising those guys at Paul's Autos with such a generous exhibition of her curvaceous nudity, most especially the luscious way she keeps her pussy so meticulously shaven. I hope her elegant display encourages more ladies to blatantly display their sexual enticements in such unorthodox public places and have businesses clamouring to

utilise this unique way to publicise their establishments. While I have lots of photos of her in the buff, it is the most adorable series of her I have yet seen. They, and all the others of uninhibited virtue, will keep my auto-eroticism peaking until the next Ravers arrives. Admittedly, I haven't taken time out from saluting all those delicious vulvas to look for one properly, but I haven't been able to find a form for subscribing. Now that you have extended my need to play with myself, I crave the continuance of its delight. Please tell me how I can

become a permanent recipient of such a magnificent publication. I hope you take American Mastercard. If not, I can send US cash or even change it to British pounds if need be. Just tell me how much you need to send it overseas.

Herbert, Mass., USA.

Word From The Ed: I can't believe you actually counted the number of pussies in our first issue. Even I haven't done that. It's nice to know that Ravers has reached America, at least, and the reason you couldn't see a subs form is that we didn't have space in issue one! After all, what would you rather have, a load more naked babes, or a crappy form that takes up space? As soon as I can find the room, we'll put one in. In the meantime, Herbert, I'm sending you details on how to sign up for a year!

In Praise of Bev

First I'd like to congratulate you on your fantastic first issue. Being single and a DIY fanatic, it's great to see an adult mag available that is well and truly horny, with really sexy letters and stories, beautiful girls and a great readers' wives sec-

tion. What more can I say? It made my cock rock-hard in seconds.

The main reason I'm writing is because of one of the girls in Stark Ravers, in particular, Bev from Notts. The photos of her with her suckable tits and nipples, plus her lickable and fuckable pussy and of course her very horny arse (I love horny rear ends) had me spunking all over the place.

If I was there with her I'd kneel down behind her and slowly rub the head of my cock up and down her warm, wet slit until she asked me to fuck her. Then I'd push my cock deep into her cunt and begin to slowly fuck her until I'm about to come. Then I'd withdraw my cock and shoot my warm spunk all over her bum and bend down and lick it all off. Then I'd lick her cunt out and at the same time she would lick my cock clean until it was hard again and



"Here you go, Dave - have a bit of Bev!"

then suck it until I come in her mouth. And, of course, I'd keep licking her pussy until she came and savour the sour/sweet taste of her sex juice.

You would make a happy DIY



man even happier if you could get Bev to do a full photo set showing off her body to the full.

That's all for now, I'm going to have another wank over Bev's photos, she makes me so horny! I think I'm in love.

Dave, Bristol.

Word From The Ed: You're not alone, mate; we've had stacks of letters about Bev, so I hope she'll send us some more pics in soon!

Lab Fan

Dear Editor,

A request and an idea. Please, please do a full photo-spread on the model who possesses the beautiful pussy which was featured in 'Know Your Fannies' in

one which features the best and most pronounced inner labia, which we later compare to Jane's.

We both think that your new magazine is great, a sort of cross between Fiesta and Escort. Though, and here's the idea, we both think that a good general letters page would improve it still further.

Matt and Jane, London.

Word From The Ed: Thanks for the kind words Matt. We'd be delighted to see some pictures of Jane's labia, by the way, and I'm sure our other readers are sitting there with enormous hard-ons at the thought of you two comparing the pictures. Maybe you'd like to do some shots and send them in? As far as featuring the girl concerned goes, it's



Ravers Volume 1 Issue 2 on page 33. The model in question was the one whose perfect parts had the banner, "Pony Express," above them, and were referred to as, "saddle bags". My current girlfriend possesses similar, 'luggage', though not as copious. We both take great pleasure in browsing through the top-shelf magazines, and always buy the

already on the way. And rest assured, we intend to print a lot more large labia'd ladies over the next few months, it's just a problem finding them. So if any other readers have wives or girlfriends who fit the bill, let us know! But what do you mean by a more general letters page? You send 'em, we'll print 'em!

Dreaming of Joanna

What a great idea to invite readers to describe all the rude things they would like to do to the absolutely ravishing, gorgeous Joanna! On meeting her at her place, she would be wearing only what she has on in the pictures in the magazine: little white knickers and stretchy lace top. I would strip down to a pair of very revealing briefs, as my cock would be straining to burst out of the restraining material. Now, when it's fully erect it is only just eight inches long, but it is approxi-

mately six and a quarter inches in circumference. I would have to start by taking off her top so that I could massage her gorgeously round tits, squeezing and licking those lovely nipples until they stood right up. I would then like to squeeze them together and

apart as she sits on something. I would lick and kiss all over the inside of her soft inner thighs and work my way to her beautifully trimmed fanny (which I love to see, as it exposes every delightful detail and makes it easier to give a really good licking



slide my cock between them. Joanna could lick the top of my cock as it rises up toward her face, then she could take it all into her lovely mouth, holding it with one hand and massaging my balls with the other one.

After being in this very satisfying position, I would kneel in front of her, spreading her legs

and sucking). I would extend my tongue inside her as far as it can go while sliding one, then two fingers deep inside her hot and juicy gash. By now Joanna would be really horny, digging her nails into my back, and I would kiss my way up her body

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ATTENTION!

ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMEN!

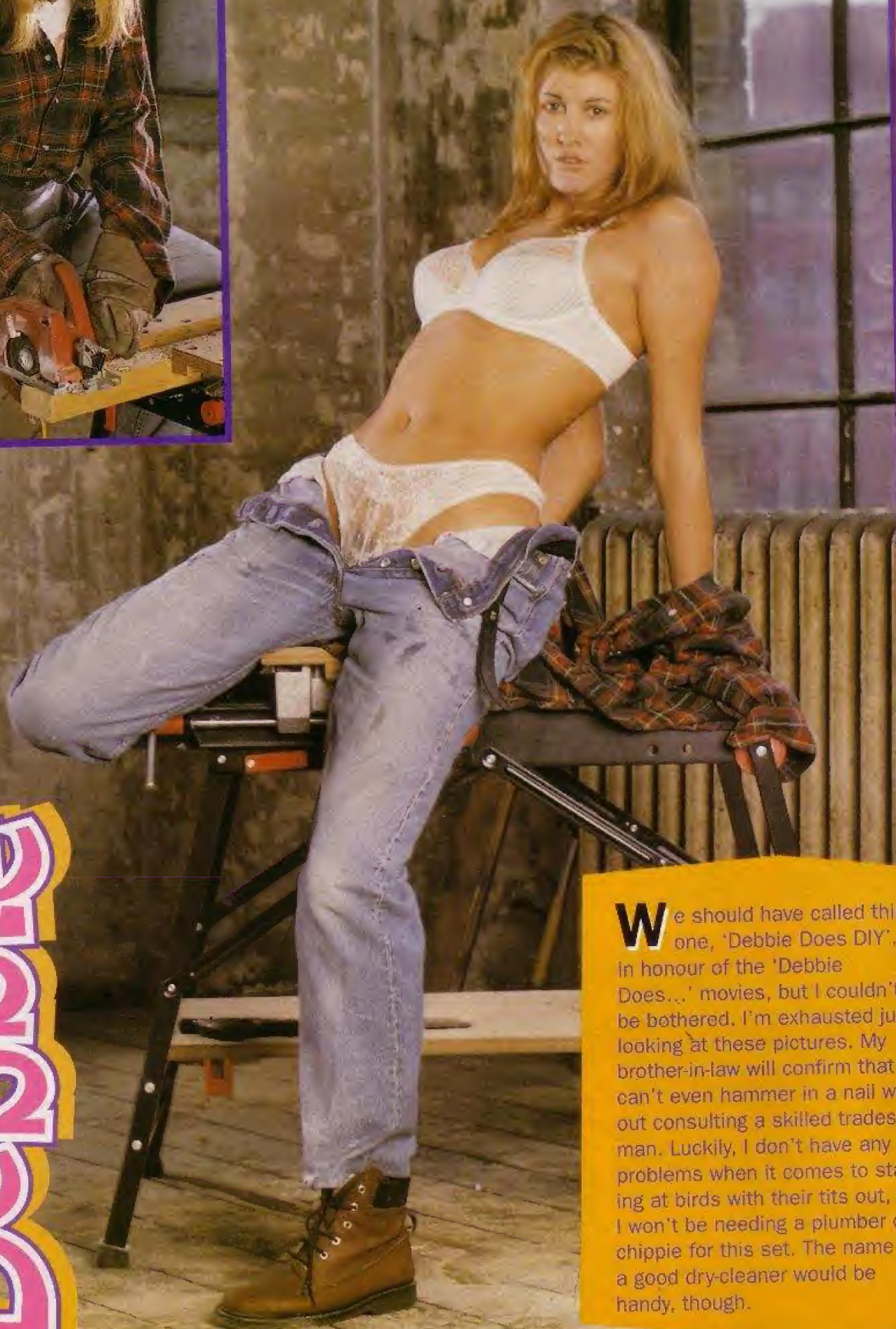
The Genital Inspectors Want You!

SEND YOUR PICTURES IN TO THE EDITOR

Issued by the Dept. Of Spunk, Whitehall, London, W1.

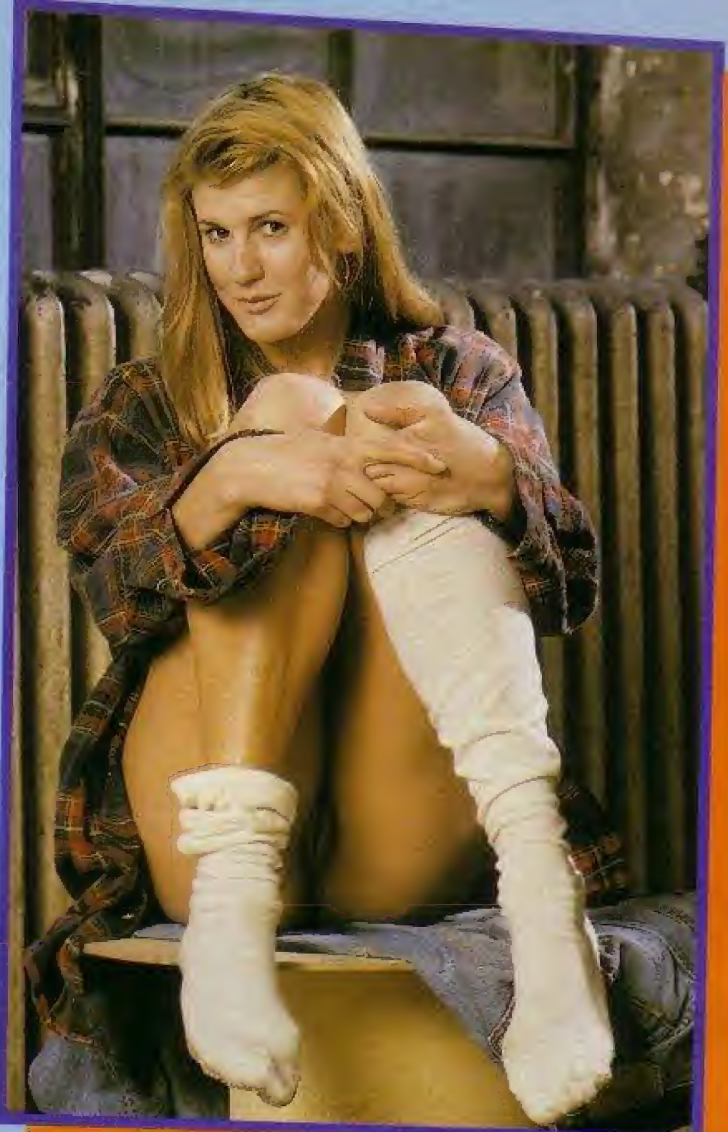


Photographed by **Bob Tanner**



Debbie

We should have called this one, 'Debbie Does DIY', in honour of the 'Debbie Does...' movies, but I couldn't be bothered. I'm exhausted just looking at these pictures. My brother-in-law will confirm that I can't even hammer in a nail without consulting a skilled tradesman. Luckily, I don't have any problems when it comes to staring at birds with their tits out, so I won't be needing a plumber or chippie for this set. The name of a good dry-cleaner would be handy, though.





RAVENS Debbie



OUT & ABOUT



Sophie of Lausanne



Go wild in the country! So what if it's a bit parky out, it'll certainly make your nips stick out! This is where we showcase some of our more adventurous wives. If your missus fancies standing in a field and showing off her beauty spots, then this is the place to send 'em! In the garden, the street, fields, shopping centres, the Houses of Parliament, National Parks, National Galleries; we'll print them all, and pay you 25 quid for each one published into the bargain. Now you can't say fairer than that, can you? Get your saucy snaps in an envelope and send them to: Out & About, Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

Want to see more wives? Then turn to page 80 right now!



Tracie of Lines



Jan of Fife



The Bang Gang

This is 'Five Go Mad With The Sun Lotion' if ever I saw it. Take a handful of horny young flampers to a sun-drenched island and tell them that if they don't pose for a shoot, they have to have sex with the Editor when they get back. It always amazes me how well that works, and just how few girls ever consider looking at the Ed with no pants on. Maybe it's because his knob is so huge; they're just scared, eh? Nah, maybe not.











The Bang Gang



Rave On!

until my throbbing cock head was in line with her fanny so that she could grind her mound against it. Very slowly, it would start to

slide in and out in short thrusts, gradually sliding deeper inside her, stretching her fanny wider as every inch disappears all the

way in. Joanna would then wrap her lovely strong thighs around me while I built up a strong thrusting rhythm, giving her a really good shagging.

After fucking in this position until we both reach a fantastic orgasm, I would love to lick her fanny clean again while she licked and sucked my dick clean as well. This would also bring my cock back to full erection again, then I would turn her over onto her front with her beautiful round bum in the air, exposing her trimmed fanny. Just to help things along, I'd spread a handful of body oil on my cock and rub it into her moist fanny. My cock would need this lubri-

the other one to probe around her cunt with my fingers. My cock would be aching to explode and, after she'd climaxed, I would pull out my prick and shoot my



hot spunk over her bum and back. This would be the most fantastic fucking session ever in my opinion and I hope Joanna would think so, too. I'm sure she could do a lot more and I could come up with other rude ideas.

Charles, Hampshire.

The Ed Says: Top stuff Charles! I showed it to the lady herself and she went very red and giggled. I know how turned on she gets during shoots, and this was the icing on the cake! The bad news is that I

can't find the lollipop we promised the winner - I think it got pinched during a Fiesta shoot! Instead, I hope that you'll accept the cotton panties Joanna wore during the original Ravers shoot. And all you readers know I'm a sucker for cotton knickers, so you'll appreciate how much I want to keep them!

Slapstick & Tickle

First, let me congratulate you on a brilliant first issue of Ravers. As long as the quality and diversity is maintained, I will be a regular reader.

I've always enjoyed seeing girls get covered in gooey food and gunk generally, but most magazines let the girls get away without their hair getting mucked up. I'd love to see the

cating as it always seems to be bigger the second time going in. I would then ease the bulbous head of my cock inside her fanny an inch or two, sliding backwards and forwards until she could take in the rest of my throbbing knob until my balls came to a stop against the inner cheeks of her arse. I love this position, as you can see every last inch of thick cock as it plunges deep inside a juicy cunt, which is exactly what Joanna has.

I would give her a fantastic shagging, thrusting deep and hard, stretching her gash with each stroke. At the same time I could reach down to grab her big rounded tits with one hand while I use

THE RAVERS GUIDE TO MODELLING

You've seen the sets, now try it for yourself! Follow this handy guide and become a top glamour snapper!

Models like a slap up meal every now and again, but just make sure you don't do what Ulf did: never, ever, take a girl out for a curry the night before a shoot...



Never hire a model with no fanny. The pictures will look crap and no-one will want to buy the magazine they appear in. No matter how big an international men's club world mexican posh London street party it is.

Make sure the girl you use doesn't suffer from amnesia and need to keep reminding herself what a fanny looks like. (See Shot Two for further details).



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A blonde woman with long, wavy hair, wearing a white top and a black skirt, posing in a dramatic, low-angle shot.

LENE

BLIND
SPOT

VIVID

SEX ON LEGS

Oh, no, it's a stunning, shaven blonde girl who has sex for a living and would eat me alive! Quick, send ROGER LEGHORN out to interview her, because I'll end up making a mess in my trousers! At least, that's what Roger claims I said on the day he snuck off to meet cockmongous Lene Hefner. I think he's a lying shit myself, but then I'm just jealous!

If you thought that Sam Raimi's screen version of comic-book hero **Darkman** was a little flaccid, then you'll be pleased to hear that famed porn director Paul Thomas recently made an adult spoof of the movie simply called **Mask**. And no, it doesn't have anything to do with the Jim Carrey movie!

Scientist Mark Davis is horribly disfigured in a laboratory accident, thus cutting dramatically short his budding romance with Vivid Video's latest scorching, centrefold model Lene Hefner.

Lene is a leggy blonde who could easily pass for a cross between Connie Stevens and vivacious hard-core star Tiffany Mynx. An all-American beauty with an eager touch, Lene is a wet dream come to life. It's almost impossible to gaze at her large, round breasts with their perky nipples, her tiny 'squeeze me' waist and stunning bum, shaven pussy and those

amazing legs without tenting your boxer shorts.

It's uncanny how Vivid always manage to sign up sensational new girls with exotic backgrounds. Although Lene was born in Chesterfield, Missouri, she's a combination of German (hence the blonde locks) and Irish (hence her spirited performance in front of camera). With her ready wit and quick intelligence, Lene has not only hurtled to the top of her profession, but writes for several adult publications in the USA.

Her looks earned her a garland of beauty titles, including Miss Hawaiian Tropic USA (for four years running) and Miss North America USA, and for a while she was a cheerleader for the LA Raiders. She has featured in no less than 10 fuckable Playboy layouts, and is known on billboards across America as the Budweiser girl.



Before working in adult films, Lene was starting to gather a reputation as a bit of a Scream Queen by appearing in horror flicks like **Fright Night** and **Return of the Living Dead**. She soon realised, to her eternal profit, that it was infinitely better to be the star of the hottest movies in town, rather than a harassed teenager who ends up being butchered by the local zombie in the first 10 minutes of a B-chiller.

It was at the invitation of one of the legends of the Adult circuit that luscious Lene decided to really reveal all for her fans:

"I went to Amber Lynn's AIDS Benefit at the Bel Age hotel in West Hollywood, and met a lot of porn stars like Barbra Dare and Janine. By the end of the evening it just seemed like a good time to join them.

"I was invited to call by the office of John

'Buttman' Stagliano, but as fate would have it he was at the dentist! So I ended up speaking with Patrick Collins for almost an hour, and after that I signed with Vivid."

Since making **Mask**, she's re-teamed with co-stars Mark Davis, Lacy Rose, and Sierra to play the lead in **Blind Spot**, where she's the centre-stage stripper in a sleazy night club where the girls wear sunglasses indoors and the manager is more than a little weird. Directed by Paul Thomas, Lene shows off her growing confidence with both men and women, and her evident enjoyment of her 'work':

"The sets are a lot of fun, and I really enjoy having sex in front of the cameras. Although adult films in general could do with improved scripts, better lines and better dialogue. There's a great atmosphere on set, and I've grown very fond of some of my co-stars," she smiled mischievously.

"I particularly enjoy working with Mark Davis because he's so well hung," she giggled, "and I'd love to have the opportunity to work with Jeanna Fine. I admire everything I've seen her in. She's hot and nasty, and that's good enough for me."

As with that other blonde superstar Janine Lindemulder, Lene makes no secret of which sex she prefers off-screen:

"Women, definitely. The great thing about women is they know exactly where to touch and lick! So for me, I enjoy sex with another woman in any position. In case the guys feel left out, I also like the 'cowgirl' position with a guy.

"Before you ask, I do have a lover, yes she knows what I'm doing, yes she thinks it's cool and she actually enjoys watching my movies. Did I miss anything?"

The scenes she had to do in **Blind Spot** were by no means arduous, as she's followed the time-honoured path of doing a burlesque roadshow whenever she's not making movies:

"I began 'dancing' about two years before I started making porn films, and going on the road is always fun. Depending on where you go, and what you do, the results can be interpreted in different ways.

"For example, when I was dancing in the North Baraby Inn in British Columbia in Canada, the audience were watching several big screen TV's showing the hockey Play-Offs. Vancouver were playing the LA Kings, there was a lot of betting going on in the room, and most of the money was naturally bet on Vancouver. I, of course, was doing a Red, White & Blue theme show, and maybe because it was so distracting Vancouver lost the game!"



Having an active imagination, Lene's not the kind of girl to walk out on stage, whip off her basque and head for the shower: "Some of my routines include coming out as a Space Alien, or dressed up in frills like Marie Antoinette. I also have a more unusual routine where I rub ice cream all over my body, make a big dildo out of it, play with that, and then feed it to the audience..." It brings tears to my eyes just to imagine it! Raspberry nipple anyone? Away from stage and screen, Lene is happiest being a cheeky cook or: "catching up on all the sleep I missed out on when I'm on the road." Sleep may be a bit of a luxury now that she's found her true niche in life. Vivid have already commissioned her for several new



productions including **"Naked Reunion"** and **"Affairs of the Heart"**, and I'd be willing to lay odds that one of those new films will include a very satisfied Jeanna Fine!

Although she's signed up exclusively by Vivid, Lene does harbour desires to work with other directors:

"Naturally I love working with Paul Thomas, but somebody like Greg Dark would be an interesting change of direction, as he's so bizarre!"

Being practical by nature, leggy Lene has already admitted what her secret ambition is once she retires from the scene:

"I'd like to own my own farm, with lots of animals running around my feet!"

If she ever needs a cock around the place, I don't suppose she'll be short of volunteers!

Tabby

Photographed by Rod Munch



If you like frillies, then you'll love Tabby. You can't honestly tell me that all these buttons and bows and frills and spills don't get you going, can you? Just look at the way her waist is nipped in by that basque! Who needs naked babes when they can look this good with a bit of kit on? Mind you, I wouldn't want to have to unknot her laces for her...



GIRL SETS
FOR SALE









Tabby RAVERS



Rave On!

girls in your mag get covered with baked beans poured over their heads, then seeing it run down their bodies. A few custard pies would finish them off nicely, just dying to be licked clean.

Nick, Cardiff.

The Ed Says: Baked beans and custard pies are for eatin' not pourin', but I'll have a chat with a couple of hot little Ravers I know and see if I can't convince them to get well messy for you, Nick!

Take My Wife, Please!

Since my wife gave birth to our daughter 17 months ago, I had been led to believe that Liz (my wife) had lost all interest in sex. This was a bitter blow for me, as I am obsessed with sex. My partic-

ular obsession is to one day watch Liz getting well and truly fucked by someone else. So when she told me that she had lost interest, my heart sank. As I was to find out later, this was not quite true.

Last Christmas I received a video camera and, as much as I would like to use it for DIY porn movies, its main use would be to video our daughter growing up (or so I thought). I work in a local nightclub, and one of the benefits is that I am allowed to have guests in the club free of charge. On New Year's Eve, I asked my wife if she would like to come to the club. At first she didn't want to, but when she found out that one of her friends was going, she accepted my offer.



Coming Soon
"baked bean frenzy - argh!"

I was beginning to think that Liz wasn't going to turn up, maybe she could not get a babysitter. I was busy sorting something out under the bar and when I came up from underneath, I was faced with my wife looking drop-dead gorgeous. She was wearing a silver, shimmering dress, no bra and black, silky self supporting stockings. My eyes (as well as my cock) nearly popped out. She waited around until it chimed 12 o'clock so that she could give me a New Year's kiss and then told me that she was going downstairs for a dance (the club has two floors).

When it got to 1 o'clock I went on my break. When I went downstairs to talk to some of the other staff, there was a commotion going on near the women's toilets. From what I could gather, someone was getting fucked in the toilets. My cock started to rise thinking that it could be my wife getting shafted, but then reality hit me and I realised that my fantasy was taking over. At the end of the night Liz came back upstairs



looking like she had been dragged through a hedge. She also looked completely knackered as if she'd been dancing (or fucking) all night.

TOP TITS!!

We love a good set of bra-busters here at Ravers, and we just couldn't run another issue without showing you these titanic top bollocks. If your missus has got a set of wobblers and you want to share them with us, we won't complain! Remember, there's 25 quid waiting for every picture we publish, and if your wife promises to sleep with the Editor, he'll even promise to send it to you. Get your tits out and sent to: TT., Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., P.O. Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.



Mary Swales
"Mind if I help you soap up Mary?"



Suean Wakefield
"Nice lettuce stalks Suean!"



Jane Kent
"I suppose breast feeding's out of the question?!"

THEY'RE BIG! THEY'RE ROUND! THEY BOUNCE ALONG THE GROUND!

DAILY Raver

Snapper In No Sex Drama!

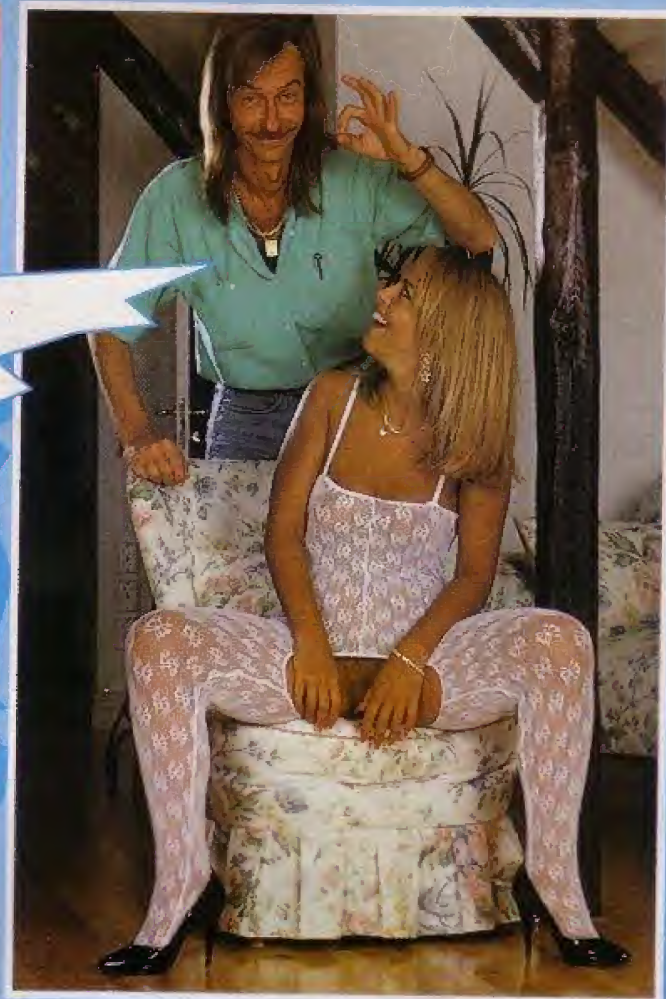
The glamour world was left reeling last night following sex revelations from photographer Ulf Stjernbo. "I didn't do it at all," he told our reporters.

"She didn't want sex, and I didn't offer. I'm not that sort of bloke. We did it a total of zero times," finished the Swedish photographer.

The 'Porkergate Scandal' as some are already calling it, has sent shock waves through the glamour business, with models refusing to work unless hard, sweaty sex is on offer, and Stjernbo's fellow photographers criticising him for his high morals. "This sort of behaviour

is pathetic," commented snapper James Freeman. "Cheap sex is one of the few perks of the job, and people like Ulf are going to ruin it for the rest of us. I mean, where else is an ugly bloke like me going to get a blow-job?"

A report on the matter has been sent to the Crown Prostitution Service.



When we got home we went straight to bed. Much to my surprise, Liz started to play with my cock. I am quite proud of my eight inch prick, and due to the fact that I hadn't had sex for a while I achieved full erection in a matter of seconds. At first she slowly stroked it. The she put her head under the duvet and started to lick and suck on the end of my stiff cock. This was all too much for me, and within a minute I shot hot come into her mouth, which she swallowed willingly (something that my wife does not normally do). She then gave me a big, sperm-tasting kiss and said, "Happy New Year Hubby."

The next morning, Liz explained to me that she had met this guy called Steve who had bought her drinks all night and she had danced with him for most of the evening. He didn't live in this area and had gone back home, but they had exchanged telephone numbers. This brought on a raging hard-on. The sly bitch, I thought to myself. A week passed and I had planned for Liz to come down to the club again. She got herself all dolled up to the nines again, but then said she

didn't feel up to it. As I was about to leave, the phone rang and Liz dashed to answer it, waving me goodbye.

The club was quiet that night so I went home at 11.30 pm. As the taxi pulled into my street, I noticed a car parked outside my house. I asked the taxi driver to stop and I got out and walked up the road. As I got near the front gate I heard the door open so I dived behind the hedge. Through the hedge I had a clear view of the door. There was my wife wearing nothing but a dressing gown



escorting her new found lover Steve to the door. As they kissed at the door, Steve put his hand inside the dressing gown and gave my wife's cunt a good feel. I could not believe my eyes. She had been telling me that she was not interested in sex and the bitch had been getting fucked while I was at work. It then made me realise that maybe it was her getting shafted in the night-club toilet. I waited for a while before going up to the door. As I walked up the path I kept thinking to myself that I wanted to kick

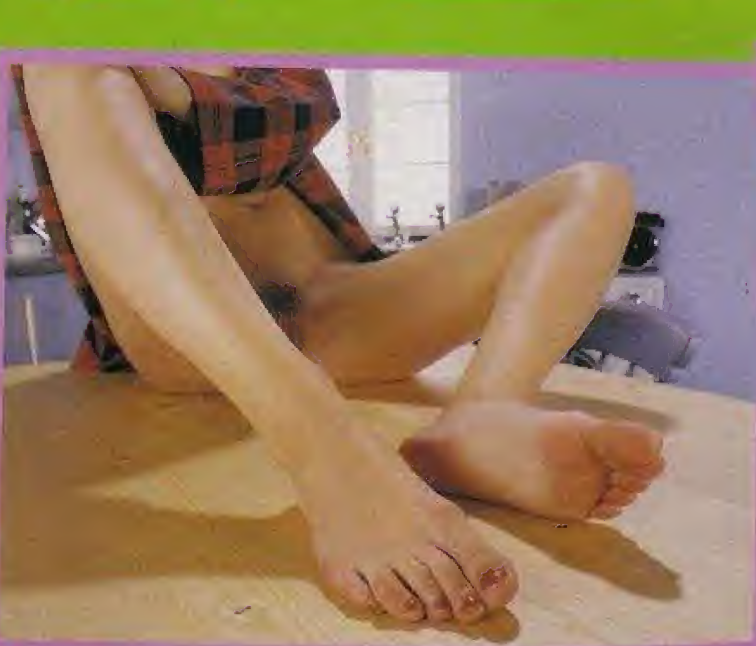
her out for what I had just seen, but my knob had other ideas.

By the time I had reached the door my cock was straining at my zip, waiting to get out and be emptied. When I got in the house Liz said that she was surprised to see me home so early. (No shit! 10 minutes earlier and I would have seen some guy's arse bouncing up and down between my wife's legs.) She looked fantastic. It was obvious that she had been given one truly magnificent fucking. Then, completely out of the blue, she asked me if I would like a shower. I had only been in the shower 30 seconds when she joined me. Almost instantly she started to play with my cock. I was trying to think of other things, but all I could think of was Liz bent over, getting shafted from behind. So it was not long before I came all over her belly.

I began to think that this sex thing with my wife was just a one-off, but to my delight I was wrong. Our neighbour Dan had spent Christmas on his own, due to the fact

CONTINUED
ON PAGE
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The TOE JOB



G

et them feet off my bleedin' kitchen table! I want to make a sandwich later on, and I don't want your effin' toe cheese all over it, for Christ's sake! You just can't get the staff, can you? We can get the feet, mind you, which is exactly what *The Toe Job* is all about, so if you want to see pictures of a Raver squashing cream cakes with her feet, let us know! Write to: **TJ, Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.**





Photographed by Paul Marshall



Ch yes, this is more like it; a short, sexy little skirt just ripe for lifting over Jenny's hips as she begs you to take her from behind. Not that she'd ever ask me, of course, but I like to sit behind my desk and look at her pictures, imagining how much fun we could've had if only I was good-looking, rich and hung like an elephant. Which is, according to Jenny, the only way she'd ever shag me.

Jenny





RAVENS Jenny



Fanny Batters AGONY HOUR!

Meet Fanny Batter, our new agony aunt. If you've got a problem, she wants to hear about it. When she first met the Ed it only took her half an hour to solve his bed-wetting problem, so she knows her stuff! So whatever your problem, let her know. If she can't solve it, at least it'll give her a good laugh. This month, Fanny takes a look at fish, fannies, blow-jobs and shaved knobs!



SHAVING FANNIES THE BATTER WAY



Step 1

Make sure you've trimmed her wiry hair down first using a pair of scissors. But be careful. She's not going to thank you if you end up hacking her clit off. In fact, she might take the scissors to you and end up wearing your bollocks as earrings! Carefully apply a layer of shaving foam to the pubic area, making sure you give it a good rub in. It doesn't help, but at least her fanny juice will help lubricate your razor.

Step 2

Now take your razor – no dear, not the electric one – and gently scrape those nasty pubes away. Pay close attention to her pussy lips, and make sure you don't leave any behind that can catch in your throat later on.



Step 3

Use long strokes so you don't irritate her fanny, and be very, very careful when you scrape around her crinkle cuts. If she's got labia the size of a dispatch rider's panniers, then lift them up with one hand and shave underneath them, or she'll end up with a fanny moustache! Finally, if you fancy a snack while you hack, then why not swap shaving foam for a tin of that squishy cream? Provided you don't mind hair in it, of course!



Dear Fanny,

I know your letters are usually about things like Thrush and unsightly boils, but this time I've really gone and done it. Me and my boyfriend was messing around with a Bic razor the other night and now my pubes are all uneven. I usually just trim them so's my man gets a nice look at my cunny, but since he tried hacking them all off, I look like a right twat. What's your advice?

Linda, Colchester

Well, Linda, what's a girl to do? Have you thought about shaving your fanny completely and giving him a real eye-ful? Just follow my easy guide! Then fill his pants with a mixture of Deep Heat and Imac. His balls will ache so much with the Deep Heat that he'll rub them and the Imac into his skin. He'll have a hard-on for a week and all his pubes will fall out!

Dear Fanny,

My bird won't suck me off till I come. What should I do to change her mind?

Tom S., Archway, London

I find money is always a good idea, Tom. And washing every now and again doesn't hurt, either. If she's worried about you thrashing about too much and forcing more of your cock into her mouth than she can take, just get her to hold a lit candle near your scrotum in case you get over-excited.

Hi Fanny.

I'm particularly worried that my penis is below average size when it's erect. At the moment, I can only manage nine inches and want to know what's normal. Thanks.

Peter, Derby.

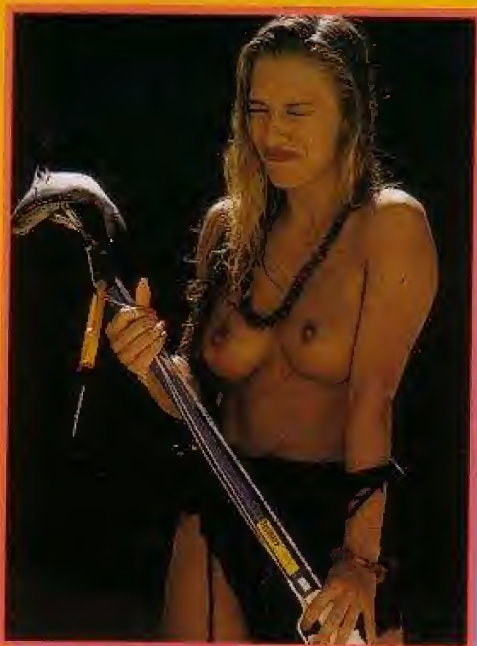
Nine inches simply isn't enough these days, Pete. If you want to really impress the girls, I'd suggest 10 inches and a gold card.

Dear Fanny.

I'd like my boyfriend to lick my fanny more often, but all he seems to be interested in is his angling and watching dirty movies on the video. Do you have any suggestions? I'm happy to suck his cock, but he doesn't seem to want to return the favour.

Sarah, Nottingham.

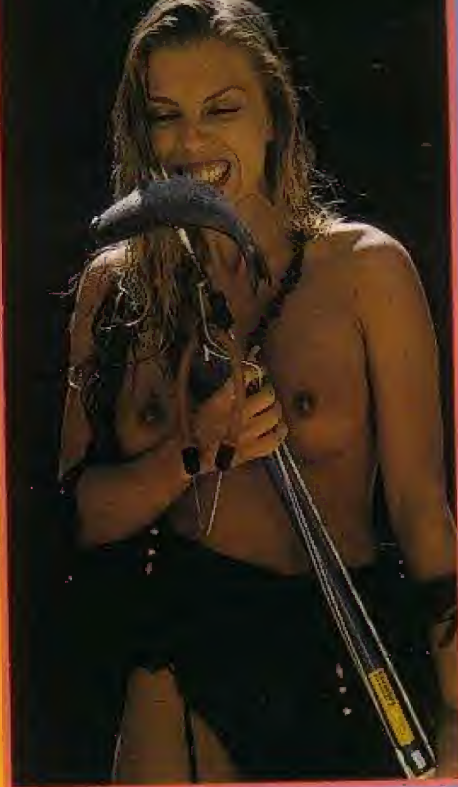
How about not washing your fanny for a few days and then hiring a video camera? You could film yourself in action with the end of his rod, and then leave it in the video player for him. The other alternative is for me to put you in touch with Tom S. in London!



Dear Fanny.

I read your piece in the Ravers Clean Shaven issue, and was wondering whether you yourself are shaven all the time? I know a number of lady friends who enjoy the feel of satin and silk underwear against their bald beavers, and wondered whether this was why you had chosen to remove your pubic hair. I find it very arousing to put my hand into a girl's pants and discover that she has shaved her pubic area.

Eric, Leeds.



Sorry, J.H., but I don't know of anyone like that. All I can do is ask our other readers to get in touch if they do - so come on you lot, drop us a line if you know anything about preppers clubs!

Hello Fanny.

I've been reading Ravers since number one, and am a big fan of The Toe Job section that you lot have recently started. The only problem is Ravers only comes out once a month, and I need more feet photos! Do you think that - a) there's any way the Ed would use more, and - b) there are any other magazines aimed at feet fans?

Nick, Essex.

I spoke to the Ed, Nick, and he says that what with all the other bits in Ravers, he just doesn't have space for more Toe Jobs than one a



I'm tempted to print a picture of my fanny here, but I'm not going to. I had a word with Delilah about this, because she shaves, too, and we both agree that it's something a number of women like to do now and again. I do it quite often because I like to wear high cut bikinis and things when I visit the swimming pool, and I also happen to know several men like yourself who like nothing better than burying their faces in my freshly-talcumed cunny.

Dear Fanny.

I'm really turned on by pregnant women, which is great at the moment, because my wife is due to give birth to our second child in August! However, what I'd like to know is if there are any groups who cater for lovers of pregnant women, the same way there are for leather fetishists and the like. Can you help?

J.H., London.

month. He has promised to try and keep plenty of feet in the actual girly pics, though, so keep your eyes peeled. The only other feety people I know about are the Foot Lovers Admiration Society, known as FLAS. You can write to them at: FLAS, PO Box 867, Stanford-Le-Hope, Essex SS17 7JJ.

Attention Seamed Stocking Lovers!

We've had a number of letters about seamed stockings lately, and I've managed to dig up an address for you! According to the FLAS magazine The Footsy, a company called The Sheer Factor can supply 50s style reinforced toe stockings. I haven't tried them, so I can't tell you whether they're any good or not, but you can get a catalogue by writing to: **The Sheer Factor, 5 Crowden Way, London SE28 8HE.**



that he was caught with another woman by his wife. He's a bit of a whiz when it comes to electronics. Our coffee percolator had bust, so Liz said that she would take it round to Dan's for him to fix it. She said that he wouldn't want paying for it, so I let her go round with it. About half an hour had passed and Liz had not returned with the coffee percolator. I decided to pop round to see what the hold up was, and was greeted by a sight that will make me come every time I think about it.

Dan has one of those frosted glass doors. I was just about to knock when I noticed two figures in the kitchen. One was Dan, the

cunt. I shot my load all up the glass door. In the excitement I fell back, making a noise. I quickly got to my feet and ran out of the garden. Dan came to the door; the cheeky bastard still had his trousers round his ankles and his cock was dripping with my wife's cum. He shut the door and my wife did not return for another half hour. She said that Dan had had a few problems with the coffee maker, but he had sorted it out. And her!

That weekend I returned from work in the early hours of the morning. I made myself a coffee and switched on the TV. I had asked my wife to video something for me while I was at work.



other was my wife. I pressed my face up to the glass to get a better view, and there she was. My wife on her knees, sucking away at my good neighbour's cock. I could not believe it. She stopped sucking and he lifted her up and put her on the breakfast bar. His huge cock poised at the opening of my wife's sopping wet cunt. Then he pushed forward and Liz let out a little yelp of pleasure.

This was all too much for me. I unzipped my trousers and got my cock out. I wanked furiously as I pressed my face to the glass door watching my wife taking what looked like nine inches up her

I pressed the play button on the video and to my surprise it was not the football. It was Liz and my neighbour Dan and you guessed it, they were fucking like jack-rabbits. It will come as no surprise to you that I had my cock out and was wanking furiously at the video within a minute. As they finished fucking (Dan bending my wife over his kitchen table and coming all over her back), Liz turned to the camera and said, "Happy Anniversary." It's our wedding anniversary in a few weeks, and I get the feeling that this was going to be my anniversary present. I



CALLING!!!

ALL SLUTS

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haven't let on that I've seen the video yet. If I'm lucky there may be a few more additions to the tape. If there is I will let you know!

M.A., West Yorkshire

Deutsche Girl

Two years ago my husband Robert and I went on holiday to Austria, during which I was photographed and videod by a 64 year old German gentleman. By the way, Robert is 53 and I (my name is Sarah) am 48. We've been married for 20 years and have a 19 year old daughter. I'm five foot five, have a sturdy pair of legs, a podgy tummy and substantial tits which are quite 'outstanding' if I wear that sort of bra!

We were booked into a rather nice hotel for two weeks and it was as early as the third afternoon when Klaus, the German gentleman, appeared on the scene. Robert had gone out to look at the shops and I was having a coffee in the lounge awaiting his return. I was reading a magazine when Klaus sat down across the table from me and introduced himself. He was very good looking with a charming

manner and looked at least 10 years younger than his 64 years. He said he took photos and videos for a German company that dealt exclusively with large and/or pregnant women. He told me he'd had his eye on me ever since I'd arrived and wondered if I would like to allow him to have a nude session with me for his own private collection and also the magazine to which he contributed. He was constantly admiring my cleavage and squeezed my knee as he told me how much he adored women with



big tits. I was shocked at his suggestion, but at the same time excited at the thought of being naked in front of him.

He invited me to his hotel for a test shoot at the end of the week to which I agreed. I told Robert what had happened and he said he had no objection so, when Klaus rang I told him everything

room suite on the eighth floor. As soon as he saw me Klaus came towards me with outstretched arms, kissed me lightly on the lips, and led me to a sumptuous room while at the same time telling Peter that he'd call him when necessary.



was okay. A car would collect me at 10.30 sharp on Saturday morning and take me to his hotel about half an hour away.

On the morning in question I was met by Peter, Klaus's assistant. I got into the back of the car and straight away sensed that Peter was looking me over by way of the rear-view mirror. I wasn't prepared for his first words though! "Are you wearing bra and knickers, Miss? If so, can you please remove them as Klaus won't want any marks on your body as he specialises in extreme close-up work." I was speechless but as I made no move Peter said, "Now, if you please, Miss."

I cautiously raised my legs and slipped off my knickers, hoping I hadn't shown too much of my cunt in the process. My bra came off easily and my large nipples, sagging tits were now open to Peter's gaze through my flimsy blouse. We eventually arrived at Klaus's hotel where he had a five

First, he had me take off my blouse and play with my tits - squeezing, lifting, pulling my nipples - all to his command. It was such a thrill. He then asked me whether I minded Peter "giving a hand" - by now I was so engrossed in the session that I simply nodded in agreement.

Klaus asked me to raise my skirt and spread my legs as wide as I could get them. My thighs were well spread and I could see Klaus zooming in on my cunt. Peter had undressed and walked towards me with his cock standing high. He obviously knew what was required of him as he went behind me, bent to nuzzle my ear, and put his hands beneath my tits lifting my nipples towards my mouth. Klaus told me to relax and let Peter do the



THE KLAUSERS GUIDE TO MODELLING PART 2

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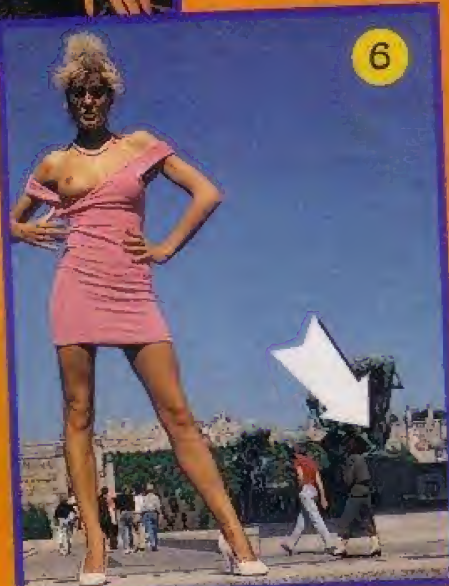
Ask your model to have a shower before she turns up for the shoot.

Remember: clean pants = dirty bottom.



Make sure, wherever possible, that the model you use has a pulse and circulation. Most magazines refuse sets of dead girls.

Try to make sure that the model leaves her mum at home. You'll get a slap if she sees the front of your trousers ballooning, for starters, and she won't want to let her daughter do the come shots...



work. This wasn't the first time Peter had gone through this routine, that was for sure. He flicked my nipples until they were throbbing. He got me kneeling so that my pendulous tits hung down and he pushed them backwards and forwards towards Klaus's camera. Peter then pressed me forward just that little bit more so that my nipples brushed the carpeted floor. It was just enough to make my cunt damp, but I didn't want that to happen as I knew I'd feel very shy when the open leg shots were called for if my pussy was wet. It was as if Klaus

sensed my predicament as he called a short halt during which I went to the loo and dried my aching wet fanny with tissues.

20 minutes later I was on my back with Klaus's camera so close between my legs I barely had room to get my fingers on my cunt. Very soon my hands were replaced by Peter's and he pulled me wide. Suddenly uncomfortable I clamped my thighs together which had the effect of forcing Peter's hand up my hole. It only lasted for a second but it was enough to make me

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Maria & Alexia



Photographed by Austin Legrew





I love shopping. Especially for sticky food products like strawberry sauce and whipped cream. What with all the letters we've been receiving from you food fans, it looks like you can't get enough of them, either! The best bit about this shoot was sticking all the porrnflakes (sic) to the girls' nippy nips for the cover shoot! Oh, I love my job!









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RAVERS

Maria & Alexia



Here Is The Nudes!

Sick of seeing holiday programmes all about beautiful resorts and never catching a glimpse of even a nipple? Then you want to nip off with HANK STAMPER when he goes on his holidays, because this bloke's a fanny magnet!

Although nudies have always been big news in Europe (in particular Germany and France), nudism has never

found widespread acceptance in North America, hence the appalling lack of even topless bathing on their beaches. Maybe that's why so many Americans head for France's nudist resorts.

Americans were certainly well represented in the crowd which turned up to watch last year's Miss Nude contest in Plage des Grottes at the nudist camp Héliopolis-La Cité du Soleil

on the Ile du Levant, 16 miles off the coast of southern France.

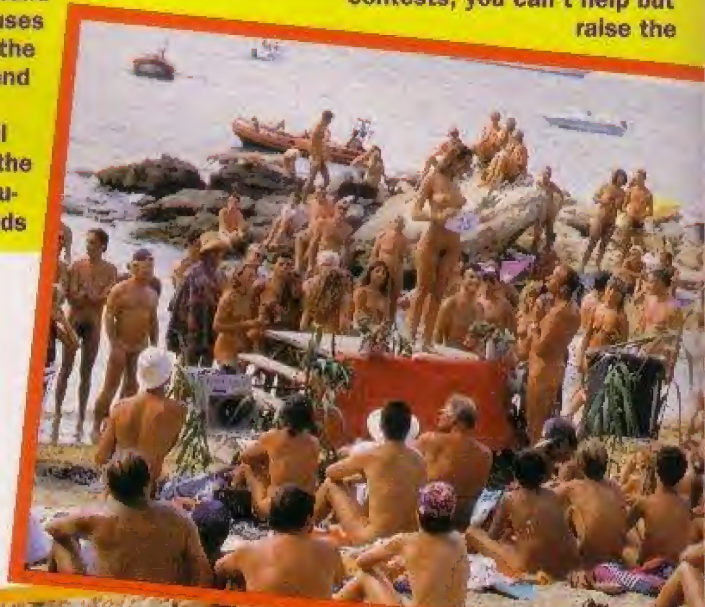
Lovers of history might be interested to know that the camp was founded by two doctors, André and Gaston Durville, who inherited 60 acres on the island in 1931. They had some highfalutin ideas about the medical benefits of sun on the naked human body, and thought that setting up an establishment named after Héliopolis – the Egyptian town famed for its sun worship – was a good way of handling a legacy: "It must be a simple rustic settlement where lovers of the air and sun will come to enjoy the tranquillity of resplendent

nature, to rest from the weariness of artificial city life."

Nice idea, but naïve – as lovers of the flesh could have told them. The doctors didn't take into account that being on a beach with cliff to cliff genitalia and the smell of sun-drenched bodies is one of the most powerful aphrodisiacs known to mankind. Accordingly, the place was inundated with the rich and lecherous who could afford to build houses on the island as well as the thousands

of less rich but just as lecherous who continue to pour in each summer.

The contradiction between the non-erotic claims of nudism and the obvious sexual attractions of ogling beauties in the buff is always around. For instance, camps are usually deliberately non-erotic – let's face it, blokes with their todgers dangling in the bread rolls at the supermarket ain't much of a turn-on. But if you start organising nude beauty contests, you can't help but raise the



temperature in the erotic stakes. A point proved by guys who got turned on by the sight of the beauty contestants on parade and had to conceal their erections by lying on their stomachs for an hour or two, steadfastly refusing to turn over even when the flesh on their backs was blistering and turning a painful shade of barbecue scarlet!

Sylvie, the winner of the 60th annual contest, was philosophical about it all, which was fitting seeing as she's a philosophy student. Instead of agonising over whether she could reconcile the inherent conflicts of eroticism and

nudism, the 21 year old was more interested in her trip to Corfu with her fiancé before getting back to college. The runner-up, 18-year-old Chloé, had entered for the first time even though she had been coming to the island since she was a toddler. One of the other entrants, Nutjorée, entered at the prompting of her dad and

Thai mother, and was awarded one of the runner-up spots. And as for the spectators? Some of the more 'interested' men were seen cooling their ardour in the Mediterranean afterwards with a spot of nude scuba diving – something which Errol

Flynn was reputed to have enjoyed, presumably for similar reasons, when he visited in the 1940s. He just had a bigger snorkel, that's all...



Rave On!

come and Klaus was urging Peter to spread it wide so that he could capture the whole gooey mess on tape!

For the tit pictures I was asked to lie on the floor on my back and straight away my tits fell to either side of my body. I was told to push them together and up which made them look like mini-mountains. He asked me to slacken the grip on my tits so that they parted slightly and he could see my face between them. I had to open my mouth and show my tongue and it must have been a pretty good pose as Peter, stand-

ing behind Klaus with his eyes staring at my tits, was slowly rubbing his cock! Klaus asked me to lower my tits (I was still on my back) and push them together just enough to make them look like two big plates, almost flat. I then had to rub a moistened finger over and around my nipples while Klaus moved in for some very close close-ups. We then had a rest and some wine until Klaus suggested the big finish, meaning a huge orgasm

He told me to put my knickers on, lie with my legs apart and towards the camera, and to start

by pulling and twisting my knickers until they all but disappeared up my cunt. I was offered Peter's help but I declined as I was getting more and more turned on by watching him stroke his cock than I would have been if he'd been doing the knicker tugging! Eventually, Klaus asked me to pull my knickers to one side to show off the swollen, fleshy cunt lips. This, Klaus said, was a lot more erotic than having me with no knickers at all. Peter still pumped away at his cock while I pushed three fingers inside myself and did some pumping of my own while Klaus switched back to the camcorder as I neared my orgasm.

As it hit me I was dimly aware of Klaus shouting words of encouragement and Peter falling to the floor, a stream of hot sperm having landed on the car-

car following the taxi. The car was pulling over a few yards from where I stood. The car remained stationary but I decided not to approach it, being unfamiliar with the area and not expecting anyone to know me.

The car waited for a moment



and then reversed, coming to a halt directly in front of me. Thinking that it might be a friend of mine after all, I leaned forward to look inside. The driver was a brown haired lady in her early 40s, smiling at me from behind her steering wheel. Something in my trousers twitched. She opened the passenger door and she spoke in a low, husky voice, "Climb aboard, I'll take your wherever you want to go."

I have always fantasised about fucking an older woman and I'd



pet. After the final great convulsions of my come subsided I lay there, prone, and for a while I barely knew where I was.

After washing and dressing Klaus gave me a nice little peck and rubbed his hands across my ample backside. He pressed 5,000 Austrian schillings into my hand which, at that time, was worth about £270. Not bad for a few hours work!

Sarah, Leigh-On-Sea.

Call Me Miss

Standing at a quiet bus stop late one winter's evening, realised with a sinking heart that I must have missed my last bus home. About 10 minutes later I spotted a taxi and tried to flag it down, in vain. It swept right past me! Just as I was about to shed bitter tears concerning the unfairness of life I noticed another



not need further encouragement, especially when I noticed how far her short black skirt had ridden up her long legs. I could not help but catch a glimmer of the red lace panties which barely concealed her juicy mince. I'm sure that she noticed the swelling app-

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 93

Melinda

Photographed by John Graham



Look at this lithe, athletic bit of totty. Hands up everyone who likes women in sexy sports undies? Oh, just me? Fair enough. Still, what about that arse, eh? I have to admit, I do like the way her fanny lips bulge out in a sort of burger in a bun way. In fact, we had a readers' letter about that only the other day – if I'm lucky, we'll publish it in this issue, so you'll know what the hell I'm going on about. In the meantime, just imagine yourself leaving a fast food joint and opening up your burger box and finding that inside it. You wouldn't have any trouble coming up with mayo, would you?







Melinda RAVVERS



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Heidi

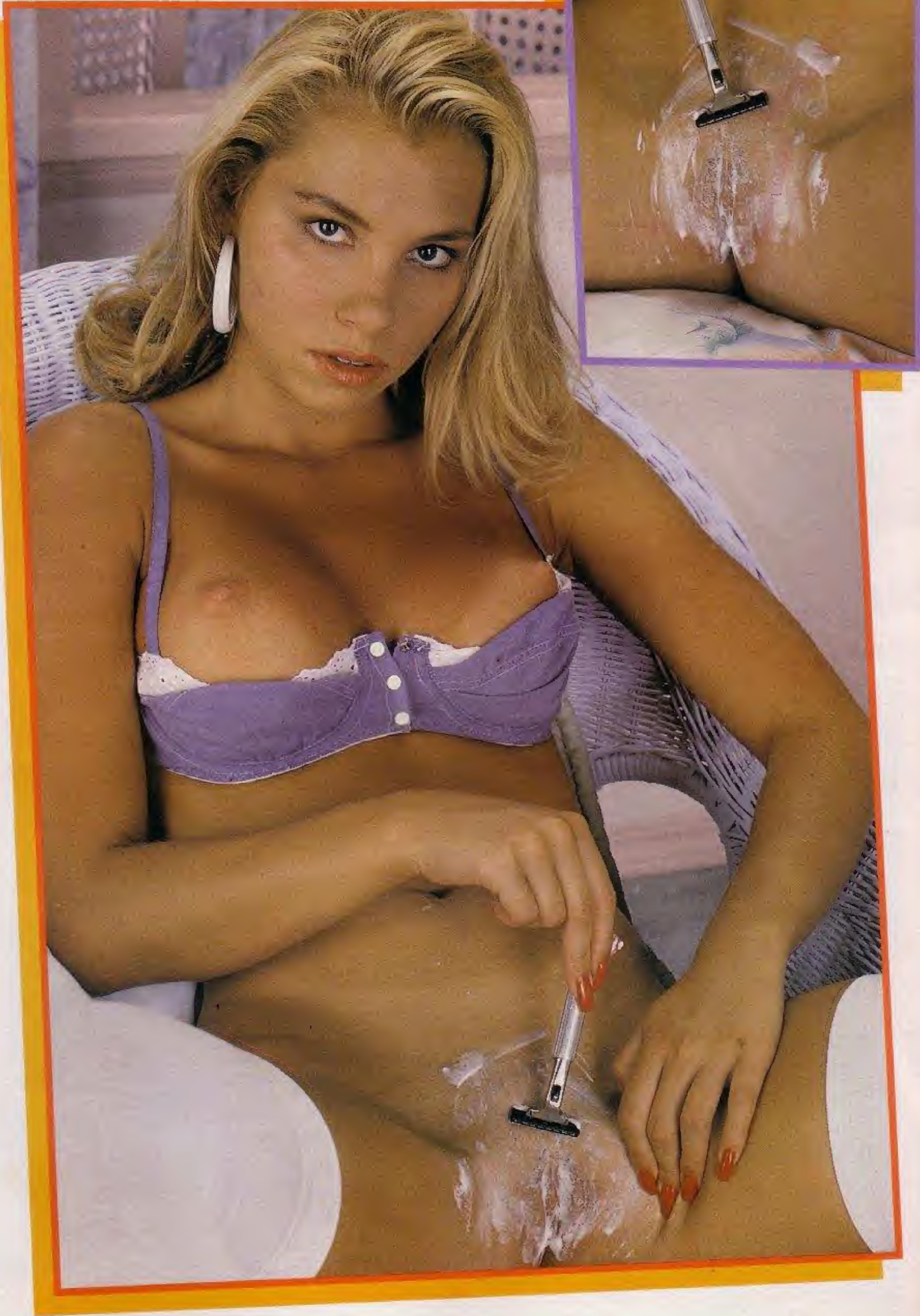


"Blonde girl in no pubes drama!" screamed the headlines as Heidi hacked off her pubic hair and handed it to the Ed, so that he could attach it to his thinning pate. Okay, so her fanny looked lovely with hair, but it looks even better bald! If you don't agree that her lips are now far more kissable, then feel free to write in and moan. It won't do you any fucking good, because we're more than happy to look at her pube-free fanny until the cows come home. Or our wives, whichever comes first!



Little Shavers







Little
Shavers
Heidi



Leg Ends

Look at those leggy lovelies. Doesn't it make your old chap cry out in excitement to see such sexy pins? Every one of these gorgeous Ravers is a leg-end in her own home, and this is your chance to get your wife's pins on the page. So get your box brownie out, get the missus into her best tights or stockings and send your pin pics to: Leg-Ends, Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.



Melissa, Denmark



Aileen, Edinburgh



Jenny, Manchester



Jane, Bolton



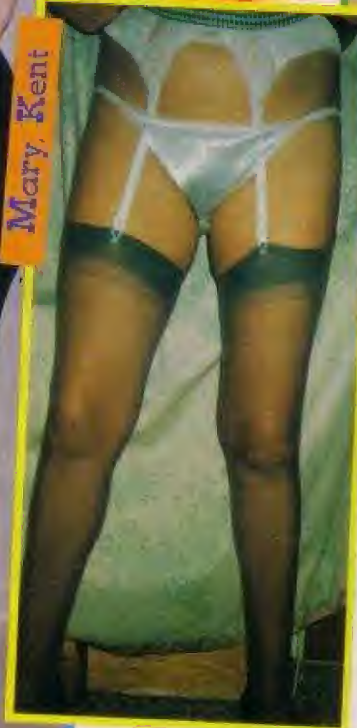
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**SPUNK OVER
ME IN 60
SECONDS**

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**30-SECOND
JERK-OFF**

Wank your cock to
hardcore, dirty,
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Girls who like it up
their holes!!!

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**SPUNK OVER
MY FACE**

This filthy
tart loves
it. 1 min.

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- Use Me For A
- Wank Then Hang
- Up On Me!
- 001-809-496-1304
- Wank Till You Spunk
- Over My C*nt!
- 001-809-496-1311
- 30 Seconds Of Pure
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- Oral Sex - Cum In
- My Pouting Mouth!
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**HEAR ME
PANTING
AND
MOANING
AS I WANK
MY CLIT!**

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1 MIN

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My Expert Mouth

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**RAM YOUR
COCK UP MY
C*NT!**



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**40-SECOND
G-R-O-U-P
WANK**

**WATCH, WANK,
SPUNK**

**ORAL SEX -
UNLOAD IN MY MOUTH!**

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496-1319**

**Finger My C*nt
And Then Use Me!**

**JERK
YOURSELF OFF
WHILE I
MASTURBATE**

001-809-496-1307

001-809-496-1302

**HEAR ME WANK
MY CLIT!**

**001-809-
496-1325**

Unload In

30

Seconds!!!!

001-809-496-1313

**1 TO 1
WANK AND
F*CK TALK**

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60-SECOND JERK-OFF LINES

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ACTION**

**I WILL TALK DIRTY
UNTIL YOU SHOOT
YOUR LOAD**

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**F*CK ME -
STRAIGHT
INTO SEX!**

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496-1317**

**THE
REAL
THING!**



**UNCENSORED
LIVE F*CK TALK**

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**MOUTH
RELIEF**

**I'LL MAKE
YOU
CLIMAX!**

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496-1326**



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F*CKING**

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DEAR DELILAH

Got a spunky secret to share with other readers? Then send a hot, sticky letter to me, Delilah, and tell me all about it. I'm 36 years old and a 36DD cup. I've been around and I'm unshockable. At least I think I am. Why not try me? I can't promise not to answer back, though. Think of me as your own personal sex therapist and get those letters - and yourself - coming. Send your horny reads to: Dear Delilah, Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.



Dear Delilah

You sound like a wonderful, warm, sexy woman. I would like to see a picture of you wearing a very tight corset, a bra that pushes your big, juicy tits together and gives them a proper cleavage and seamed stockings with lacy tops. I'd like to see you bending over with your bum bare and your succulent breasts falling out of your bra.

Then I'd like to kneel behind you, prise your arse cheeks apart with my hands and stick my tongue in your crack.

I'd lick you slowly and lovingly all the way along your

fanny and right up your hole.

While I am doing this, I would have my cock in my hand and be wanking against the smooth nylon of your stockings.

Finally, I'd spray my hot cream all over your stocking tops.

BILL, DEVON.

Well, Bill, that sounds a perfect way of passing a wet Sunday afternoon. I'll see what the art room can do about the pictures. One other thing; after you've covered my stocking tops with spunk, I'd like you to lick it off, then stick your tongue in my mouth so I can taste it, too.



That Bastard Tannoy!

Dear Delilah,

I read with great delight your letters page detailing couples' orgasmic goings-on and thrilled at the raunchy-type replies that were given, but nowhere in your periodical did a letter crop up about hang-ups. "Think of me as a sex therapist," you said. Well, how about this one for size? I am 25 years old and still a virgin. It embarrasses me to the pit of my balls, but it's got to be said.

The closest I've come to actually getting my end away was in 1991, when I was working all night at a huge warehouse doing a stock-take. In fact, that night could've been quite productive, because I could've been

shagged twice by two different women. The first one happened about 11pm – the girl's name was Anna. She was only about five feet tall but was absolutely gorgeous. She didn't have huge tits, but what she lacked in tits, she made up for in a wonderful arse.

She worked as one of the admin assistants and the rest of the lads knew that she really liked me, but they never said anything to me. Anyway, to cut a long and inevitably boring story short, she found me alone doing a spot of cleaning. I nearly shat-myself when I felt a hand playing with my balls! I turned around and she landed me one of the best French kisses I've ever tasted as well as teasing me out of my trousers. Not being naïve, I gave her a right good fondling in all the right places and eventually carried her off to a nice, secluded alcove for a

spot of shagging...or so I thought.

Suddenly the tannoy blurts out: "Anna, could you come up to the cash office, there's a slight discrepancy that needs sorting out." Needless to say, she wriggled her way out from under me, tidied herself up and was gone for the rest of the bloody shift. I was gutted.

(As well you should be, you poor dear! Your willie must have been hard enough to cut glass!)

My hopes were raised three hours later at two o'clock, when a beautiful girl called Pat came round to check on me. She was the assistant supervisor, about three inches taller than my five feet five, and with huge tits, slim waist, cracking arse, long legs, Christ! I nearly came in my trousers when she said, "David, I'm going home in about half an hour, but can I just say something? I leave tomorrow to go and work elsewhere but I

want you here and now and I'm not taking no for an answer." The usual happened. This time it was balls out, slow wank and French kissing from her and tits out, right hand up her cunt and more French kissing from me. To me, that night was and will be forever known as The Night of the Bastard Tannoy. The bleeding thing interrupted again by saying: "Pat, we at the office have a surprise for you. Could you come up and see us, please?" I remembered Pat saying to me, "I'm not taking no for an answer," Liar! She soon bugged off, leaving me even more gutted.

Since those two isolated incidents, fuck all else has happened. I am shy and do not like making first moves because my clutching attitude kicks into overdrive and frightens girls off. I have enclosed a photo and you will see what an ugly bastard I am, too. So as my personal sex therapist, I demand a possible answer. Actually, I



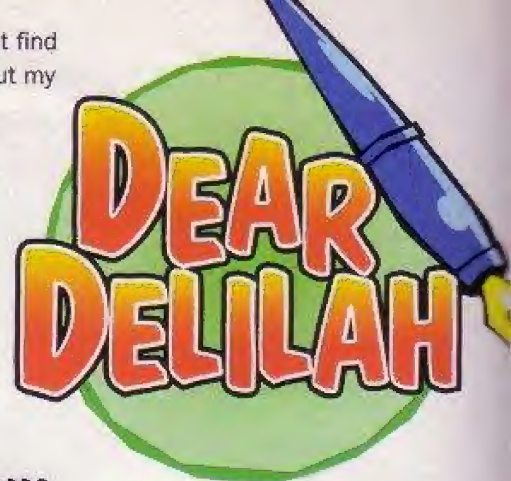


girls out and I can't find their clitorises. I put my hand inside their knickers and feel about, but sooner or later they pull my hand away and say I'm not doing it properly. How's a guy supposed to learn if he's not given a chance?

RAJ, BIRMINGHAM.

You're obviously another candidate for a sex education video, Raj. Put one on your birthday list. Until then, here's my guide to clitoris location. Slip your hand down the front of your girlfriend's panties. Feel for the division where the pubic mound begins to part. Explore that cleft with your finger. Just along it, you'll feel a little hard bump, hidden inside its own little hood of flesh. That's the cli-

toris. It's like Aladdin's lamp, because when you rub it, magical things start happening. It gets harder and she starts heading for an orgasm!



Banking For Pleasure

Dear Delilah,

I'm a 24 year old secretary at a firm of London bankers (no pun intended!). I have just been promoted and my new MD is a handsome 30-something divorcee. Being the little tease I am, I had tried for some weeks to catch his attention by showing more cleavage, but it was apparently to no avail. I've never had a problem getting a guy I fancied before, being tall, slim and blonde, but my boss seemed a tough nut to crack.

So how did I crack it? Well, for the last few weeks I've been wearing trousers and high heels to the office (the short skirts and boots had-

don't demand, I ingratiatingly ask for one.

DAVID, LEEDS.

What can I say, David? It sounds like the folk at your work have it in for you! I met my last hunk at the supermarket fruit counter, so perhaps you ought to try that? Just as this lad was about to choose some apples, I made a comment about squeezing melons and had his attention straight away!

I know you can't do the same, but it's got to be better than listening to that tannoy!

Dear Delilah

Please can you help a shy 18 year old? **(Any time, my lad!)** My problem is that I have taken several



n't raised his eyebrows),
**(It's not his eyebrows you
want to raise, Mandy!)**
having almost given up on
him.

Jamie sits behind me. I
have a habit of kicking off
my shoes sometimes, as I
love the feeling of the soft
carpeted floor on my bare
feet, or I often sit with my
ankles crossed behind my
chair, losing a shoe and dis-
playing my sole.

I had noticed that Jamie's
voice had started quivering
on the phone for no apparent
reason, until I
glanced round one
afternoon to find his
eyes gazing down at
the floor – I would
have thought noth-
ing of it, but he
made a comment in
a quivering voice
that my feet must
be cold!

"Got him!" I
thought to myself,
as I slipped my
shoes on again to
plan my scheme!

The next morn-
ing I arrived with
ankle boots, having var-
nished my toes a bright scar-
let colour. I told Jamie how
my feet ached because of
the boots, but he made no
comment. Then I slowly
untied the short laces and
kicked off my boots, noticing
how his conversation
became vague again. I
rubbed my bare feet over the
carpet, feeling quite horny as

the sensation caressed my
toes, knowing the impact I
was having.

(Oh, you dirty little minx!)

As Jamie finished his call,
I turned around to talk to
him – his eyes were fixed at
my feet! I asked if he would
come over to check my work
and nearly cracked up as I
saw the bulge in his
trousers. As he stood next to
me, I told him how I had
painted my toes and asked
him if he thought I had pretty
feet. He said they were very
small and dainty.

heels and the soles. My
whole body was literally ting-
ling as he took my toes in
his mouth and gently sucked
each one as I stroked my
pussy.

Jamie ripped my trousers
off (having first locked our
door) and kissed me from my
toes, up my legs and gave
my pussy a serious snog,
before we ended up on the
floor. I released his stiffy,
which in all the excitement
had already started to leak!
**(A well-lubed cock is a
well-loved cock, I always
say!)** He slid on top of me

and took
my toes
in his
mouth as
he slid
his long
cock into
me – what
a feeling.

sised about giving me a seri-
ous toe-sucking. I'm staying
at his place this weekend,
and he gave me a copy of
Ravers to read whilst he's
out playing squash (sad,
sad, man!)

The Bang Gang photo
shoot in issue one got me
fantasising madly, as there
was a hint of toe sucking
between the two horniest
girls in the mag – it's now my
fantasy to be at the bare feet
of the Bang Gang girls!

Please, please, let's ban
shoes for one issue to have
a bare feet special!

MANDY, LONDON.

P.S. And more willies too,
please!

**I'll certainly mention the
no-shoe policy to the Ed,
but I know he's been trying
to include more tootsies
for the past few issues. I'd**



"But are they pretty?" I
asked.

"Yes, very pretty," he
replied, turning as red as
my varnish!

"So kiss them," I said,
my heart racing.

Jamie kelt down and
gently took hold of my
feet. He started stroking
them and then kissing my



We both
came within
a minute,
and the
experience
is often
repeated.
Jamie con-
fessed to
me that he
loves feet,
and had
often fanta-

**love to see some more
willies, too, especially on
my pages. The only prob-
lem is that we're not
allowed to print any
stiffies. But if you boys
want to share yours with
Mandy and me, then send
them in to me! Just make
sure to mark your enve-
lope DD in the top left cor-
ner, so the Ed doesn't get a
fright when he opens it!**

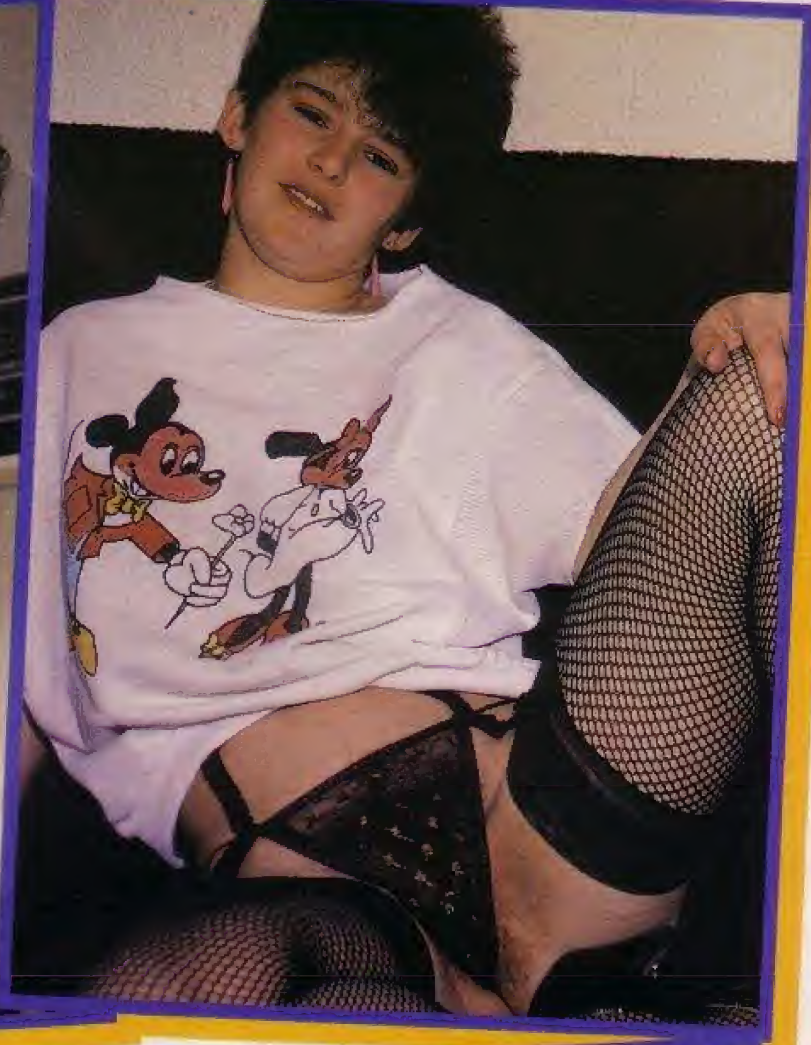
Stark Ravers!!

You can't keep a good wife down. Not unless you offer to buy her a nice new motor. Just in case you missed the last lot, here's some more of your fave wives to keep you going until next month. And remember, we want to see even more of you lot on these pages, so if you reckon your wife or partner is up to the challenge, then **turn to page 54 for details of how to get yourselves in print!**



Marie Fife





Debbie, Bath



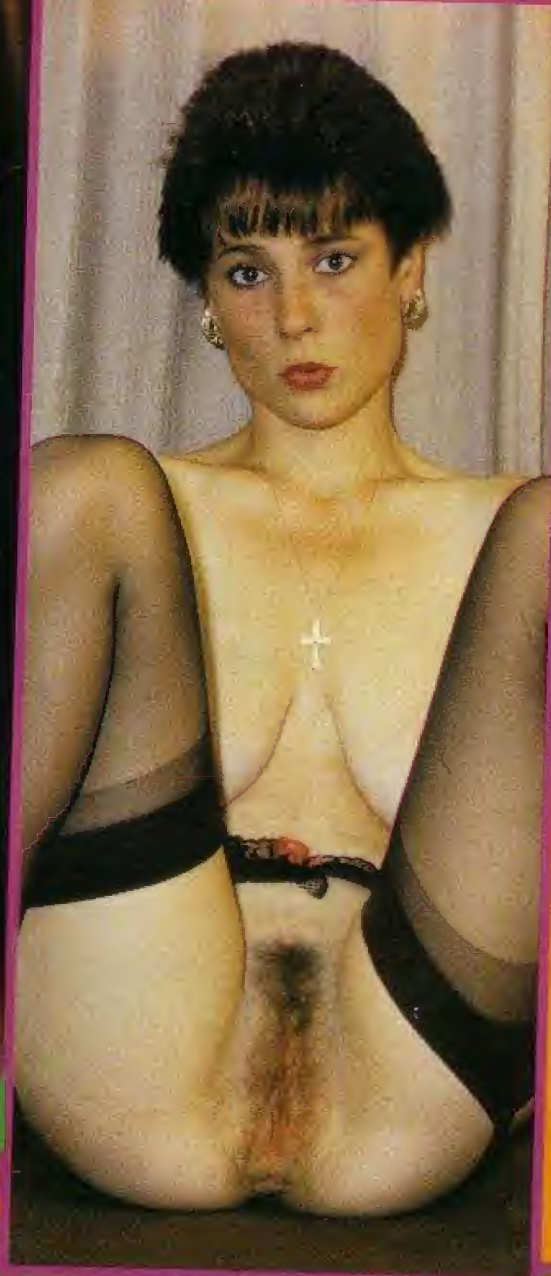


René, Denmark





Tarnia, Essex





Kung Sheffield





RAVERS GUIDE TO FLASHING



Northampton
Hits
Susan

Can't say as I've ever been to Northampton, but then with this pictorial guide, I don't need to now, do I? Unfortunately, we can't show you the pictures featuring stunned members of the public lurking in the background and trying to catch a glance of Susan's fanny as she pokes it at the camera. We don't want to embarrass anybody, now do we? Well, not much. If you reckon your town is the dog's bollocks for flashing, then why not let us know? If you can get your partner to prove the point in pictures, we'll print them and pay you wads of cash, too! Send your snaps to: On The Map, Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.





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Susan RAVERS



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YOUR COCK**

IN MY HOT WET MOUTH

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1723-5428**

BIZARRE

**RUBBER IT UP
MY ASS**

00-852-1723-5434

I LIKE IT UP MY

**ME ACTUALLY
GETTING FUCKED!**

'LIVE'

00-852-1723-5418



IMPORTANT NOTICE

★ Disclosure required by the European CSRT. ★

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★ No correspondence will be entered into and callers should be aware of this notice before accessing numbers. ★

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RAM IT IN HARD

00-852-1723-5429

LICK MY CUNT

DO IT NOW!

00-852-1723-5430

HEAR MY GIRLFRIEND

FINGER ME

00-852-1723-5436

SHAVE MY PUSSY

IT'S WET & READY

00-852-1723-5436

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**I'M RAISED & READY,
TAKE ME!**

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591 066**

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00 592 589 687
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00 592 589 688

SEX FANTASIES

**4 GIRL ORGY
00 592 589 697
SOAPED AND SHAVEN
00 592 589 703
SHOWER LUST
00 592 589 708**

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BORED WIFE STUFFS HERSELF
FULL OF COCK **00 592 589 716**
PUMP MY SAGGING MOUND
00 592 589 699

WARNING

POSH BITCH MADE TO SUCK 00 592 589 689
THE LONGER YOU LAST THE HOTTER IT GETS
WARNING: "DO NOT CALL IF YOU ARE EASILY OFFENDED,
OR HAVE NOT PREVIOUSLY EXPERIENCED UNCENSORED
HARDCORE TELEPHONE SEX"

Domination

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BEND OVER NOW, PANTIES DOWN	00 592 589 705
ON YOUR KNEES, TIME FOR SPANKING	00 592 589 711
OBEY YOUR STRICT MISTRESS	00 592 589 710
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00 592 589 713
WATCH AS FRIENDS TAKE TURNS WITH YOUR GIRL
00 592 589 709
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00 592 589 688
WIFE ENTERTAINS FOOTBALL TEAM
00 592 589 697

GAY

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TALK & DATE: 0891 232 229

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SHOWER**
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708**

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I WANT TO SUCK YOU DRY
00 592 589 718
I'LL PUMP YOU INTO
MY WARM MOUTH
00 592 589 690
I'LL TAKE YOU ALL THE
WAY AND SWALLOW
00 592 589 721
SECRETARY SWALLOWS
FOR A RISE
00 592 589 689

BANNED TITLES

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589 703**
**00 592
589 695**
**00 592
589 720**
**00 592
589 721**
**00 592
589 722**

SPANKING

OVER THE BED FOR TWO LESBIANS
00 592 589 692
COLLEGE GIRL (18) FEELS THE PAIN
00 592 589 705
LITTLE POSH GIRL (18) TAUGHT A LESSON
00 592 589 711

HOT DRIPPING SEX

DO IT ALL OVER ME **00 592 589 724**

HARD WANK
SPURT ON MY FACE
00 592 589 695
LET'S WANK TOGETHER
00 592 589 699
FINGER MY WET SLIT
00 592 589 694
2 MINUTE RELIEF
00 592 589 704

UNCENSORED FILTH

LET'S ORGASM TOGETHER **00 592 589 697**
SCREAMING WITH DELIGHT **00 592 589 711**
I NEED FOUR FINGERS **00 592 589 687**
● **HORNY HOUSEWIVES** ●
WIFE'S BULGING BREASTS **00 592 589 691**
BIG BOOBS SLAP TOGETHER **00 592 589 693**
12 YEAR OLD'S BRA NURSTS **00 592 589 706**

SEXLINE SELECTION

BORED HOUSEWIFE 00 592 589 706	OFFICE GIRLS SUCK 00 592 589 690	GERMAN DOM 00 592 589 711
LIVE SEX RECORDED 00 592 589 699	TRANSVESTITES 00 592 589 696	SLAVE DOMINATION 00 592 589 710
ASIAN PINK LUST 00 592 589 689	STUDENT SEX 00 592 589 702	TIT F**K 00 592 589 693
LESBIAN F**K 00 592 589 698	TIGHT RUBBER 00 592 589 723	GAY SEX SLAVE 00 592 589 714
HARD SUBMISSION 00 592 589 707	BAD GIRLS LINES 00 592 589 694	STUFF IT UP 00 592 589 717
BIG SAGGY MOTHER 00 592 589 691	HOT BLACK BITCH 00 592 589 701	REAR ENTRY 00 592 589 716

XXX

QUICK RELIEF

NON STOP COCK SUCKING **00 592 589 718**
ULTIMATE FILTH **00 592 589 719**

XXX

Rave On!



earing at the crotch of my jeans.

From the start she adopted a dominant role and instructed me only to call her 'Miss'. I asked her if she was a teacher and she replied, "In a way, young man." She dropped her left hand from the steering wheel and placed it on my crotch. "Do you like this?" she asked me. "Yes Miss," I replied and she rubbed and squeezed my prick, which was now stiff and jumping in my jeans.

I put my right hand onto her bare leg and gently stroked it, moving towards her pussy. "Not yet young man," she said, smiling. "Let me concentrate on you first. Be a good boy and take your cock



out for me." "Yes Miss," I replied, finding being treated like a submissive really arousing. Without further ado I whipped out my stiffy and let her grasp it. "Good boy," she smiled sexily, moving her hand up and down my erect shaft. "I want you to look at me and wank yourself off," she said. "I want you to tell me when you're about to come." "Yes Miss," I replied and dutifully got on with pulling my pudding. She kept her eyes on the road but placed her left hand on her red panties and sensually began to rub her fingers all over her crotch. It was a stroke of luck that no other cars pulled up at the traffic lights we

stopped at! Miss tugged aside her panties when the lights were on red and slipped three fingers inside her squelching cunt. Whilst she frantically friggd her fuzz box, I could feel that beautiful burning sensation starting at the bottom of my scrotum. "I'm coming Miss," I panted.

She smiled and took her fingers from her pink hole and pushed them into my mouth - the smell of her hot sex drove me wild. Squirming with pleasure, I shot a load of hot spunk all over her. "Good boy!" she exclaimed, gunning the car away

CONTINUED
ON PAGE
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Win!!
with

SNATCH OF THE DAY!!



So you fancy the shirt off Nicky's back, eh? Well you can't have her knickers, because the Ed's wearing them. Yup, we're giving away Nicky's Bumley FC shirt in this easy peasy compo. To win, all you have to do is to write in with the funniest footie team name you can think of. The winner will be the one which

tickles our fancy - and Nicky's - the most. And remember, cash bribes are not acceptable. We'll get taxed on them. **Send your entries to: Snatch Of The Day, Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ. The winner will be notified by post.**

Tail Ends



Regulars will know that I love bums. I don't find feet too exciting, but bums are guaranteed to give me a hard-on the size of Cleopatra's Needle. Which is why I decided to make you look at them every month in this section. If you don't like it, then you can ogle all the other girls, but us bum lovers are quite happy to stay here. I've even tried to include something for the feet and leg fans this month, thanks to Paula wanting to shave her legs on-set. Who was I to argue? Especially when I couldn't stand up to leave the room in case I broke something in my trousers...

Photographed by Exposure Images

Paula







Paula
TailEnds

Rave On!

MARY LIVES,
THE COCK IN
TILET.
HERT.

DEAR RAVERS
HERE'S SOMETHING THAT HAS
NOT BEEN
I AND I LOVE
TANNED IN THE SUN
MIND I WAS LIVING IN THE GARDEN
TO VICTIMLY SHARED MY T
THE GUN WAS GENTLY ADVANCE
WHICH I WAS SURELY ADVANCE
WAS NOT ALONE IN THE GARDEN.



from the traffic lights, "I want you to come to my place and finish me off."

As we drove through the night I spent the time imagining what her naked body would be like. She was slim and although her tits didn't seem too big, they were still a nice handful. She told me she was 44 years old and single, that's to say she did have a boyfriend but he spent most of his time working overseas. She enjoyed keeping herself sexed-up by reading dirty magazines and watching blue films while she wanked herself off with dildos and the like. "I miss the real thing," she said. "I need the feel



of a hot, stiff cock banging at my pussy. I need the feel of creamy spunk filling my fanny. Do you understand me, young man?" "Yes Miss," I answered, starting to feel very horny again.

When we arrived at her flat, she ordered me straight into her bedroom where we hurriedly removed each other's clothes. She lay on her back with her knees lifted and her legs wide open. She parted her hairy cunt slit with her fingers allowing me a view of her pink, moistened hole. "Lick it hard for me, young man," she said, enticingly.

In no time at all my tongue was up and running all over her

pouting minge. She moaned, quivered and pulled at my hair and it was not long before she arched her back and allowed her budding clitoris to explode with sticky come juice. I lifted my wet face from between her thighs and she noticed my raging hard-on. Immediately she turned over onto her hands and knees. "Doggy me hard," she ordered. I took her at her word and thrust my prick deep into her quim. She squealed and panted in delight as my balls slapped against her bum. "You fill me big boy," was all she could moan as I watched her tits swinging in the reflection from off the full-length mirror. I pounded away at her in good style until she pleaded with me to shoot my muck over her bum. I pulled my prick from her and she watched me in the mirror as my spunk gushed all over her botty. "Good boy!" she shouted as we fell into each other's arms exhausted.

Since then, Miss and I have frequently been in touch. Perhaps I'll tell you just how closely! In the meantime let me finish by saying that for raw, uninhibited sex, the older woman is best.

Andy, Glasgow.

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